UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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Getting Ahead

By H. R. MUSSEY

Men—Motives—Machines

By JAMES H. HART

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part III, Chapter VII. *By* M. K. GANDHI

Local Self-Government from Asian Angle

By SUDHINDRA BOSE

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIX MONDAY, MAY 23, 1927 NUMBER 12

SHALL WE LET FREEDOM DIE?

(Lines suggested by the Union Square Mass Meeting for Sacco and Vanzetti in New York on Easter Sunday)

Two figures move with a resounding tread
Toward holy regions of the martyred dead.
Candles of faith held high in suffering hands
Throw their far-reaching light throughout all lands.

Comrades, who gather at this Easter hour
To save these brave men from a court's base power,
See how earth's freedom breathes upon these trees,
And lifts the cool smooth shoulders of the breeze,
See how it falls like soft rain from the sky,
Yet, in men's hearts shall we let freedom die?

LUCIA TRENT.

Mahatma Gandhi's tour through India this past winter has revived the amazing scenes of 1920 and 1921, when the new non-cooperation movement was under full headway. If anybody has had doubts as to whether Gandhi still retains his hold upon the Indian people, and is today the one supreme influence in the nation, these doubts must now be answered by this triumphal tour. Vast multitudes of men and women have assembled wherever the Mahatma has appeared, and have received him with every expression of adoration and reverence. Miss Grace Hutchins, an American, attended a Gandhi meeting at Bettiah, in the province of Bihar, and describes what she saw in the current issue of the *World Tomorrow*.

> In an open wide space, (she writes) ten thousand or more men sat on the ground in a vast circle. . . . There were bullock carts parked under the trees, but most of the people had come on foot, many from distant villages.

Making her way through the crowd, Miss Hutchins speaks of

> people, people on both sides of the road, leaving scarcely room for a car to move. One man on a shed roof was holding out an elephantiasis leg as if he thought a blessing from the great Mahatma as he passed would cure the disease.

As Gandhi appeared, "the throng from the roads pressed in behind his car and surged forward to see and hear." When he had finished his address,

> the throng of people moved forward, like a tidal wave. . . . Disciples with bamboo staves silently raised their hands, but the waves of people beat upon the little platform. They wanted only to be near Mahatmaji.

Such experience, repeated in four or five villages daily, has broken Gandhi's health. Overcome by giddiness, he has been obliged to give up his journey, and retire to Belgaum, where latest reports indicate that he is improving. A personal correspondent sends us the interesting information that Gandhi "has been invited by several Indian princes in southern India to be their guest during his sojourn in their territories." Nothing is more certain than the fact that Gandhi's power is unabated. Working with his own people in the interest of their own self-discipline, he is preparing the way slowly but surely for the greater task of national independence.

We don't wonder that the mayoralty election in Baltimore, on May 4th, has stirred excited comment throughout the country. For it has an unescapable and most significant bearing on the *facts* of the "Al" Smith movement for the presidency as contrasted with the theories and principles in the case. At bottom, we feel that Smith's membership in the Roman church has no more to do with the question of his qualifications for the chief magistracy of the republic than the membership of Mr. Taft in the Unitarian church or Mr. Coolidge in the Congregational church. If the underlying principles of America are to be vindicated, our ideals of free religion preserved, then the Catholic question can have no place in public thought and discussion if "Al" Smith runs for the presidency. But what *ought* to be is one thing, and what *will* be is quite another. Say what we will, try as we may, the Catholic question will follow the New York Governor like an arrow, and fell him in the end. Look at Baltimore, for example! This is a Democratic city; it was carried at the last election by a majority of 42,000 for the Democratic ticket. In this May 4th election, however, the Republican candidate for mayor, William Broening, overcame this majority by a majority of 17,000 for himself and his associates. In the Third District in the city, strongly Democratic, all three candidates for Councilman on the Democratic ticket were defeated. How was it done? All newspaper despatches and editorial comments agree that it was the Catholic issue. The Democrats were prevailingly Catholics—the defeated candidates were all Catholics. Mr. Broening, the victorious Republican, is a Lutheran and his associates Protestants. A secret anti-Catholic campaign was carefully organized and put through relentlessly. It was completely successful. This was, to our way of thinking, a scandal; but it is also, to our way of seeing, a fact. If there is anything certain in politics in this country it is that "Al" Smith's nomination for

the presidency will lead to an anti-Catholic campaign of mammoth proportions, and a defeat worse than that of ex-Governor Cox in 1920.

We tyros continue to spoil good paper with lucubrations anent the disaster in the lower Mississippi Valley. It cannot be said too often that the problem is that of the engineer. Even he would better not range too far afield for his methods. The deadly parallel of China and the Hwangho continues to inspire the plaints of numerous editors and amateur publicists. The immense watershed of America's central valley will not be understood until it is studied on its own terrain, and for the facts and conditions which itself reveals. Those who only guess at its native forestation, and the conditions which the settler has precipitated, naively assume that flood sins are to be added to the score of iniquity which has been otherwise chalked up against our national vandalism of timber-cutting. They forget that vast areas of this watershed, and those from which the greatest floods of the past have come, never knew a tree. Instead of causing floods these areas, since coming under the plow, are holding the rain and snow water, and making such deluges as once prevailed in the upper tributaries of the great river henceforth impossible. Commentators also overlook the fact that what has confined the current of the lower valley is the greed of land in that region itself. Formerly the spring and early summer freshets spread the waters of the river over millions of acres which have latterly been claimed for cultivation. Thousands of barn and farmhouse roofs are actually below the level of the bed of the river. Our wisest engineers are offering the levee as the only solution of the flood problem, inevitably, if the lower valley is to be saved for agriculture! Agriculture is creating the problem; it must produce the resources on its own ground to solve it. The lumberman and the plowman of the upper valley may be great sinners, but the floods of the lower valley are not their wickedness. They are taking care of the water of their region, as unaided nature never did in the past. They are easing, not aggravating, the flood problem of the lower valley.

The late James Bryce was an extraordinarily learned man. Mr. J. A. Hobson, in his review of H. A. L. Fisher's recent biography of Bryce in the *Nation* (April 20th), declares that

> he knew more than any other man of his own or any other time. There may be tucked away in the seclusion of some university or other home of learning two or three scholars who have read and remembered as much booklore as Bryce, but when one takes into account his first-hand intercourse with men and things in all parts of the habitable globe, he assuredly stands outside all competition.

In the light of this impressive statement, we are tempted to wonder as to what learning amounts to anyway. What is its use? "What does it all come to," to quote the question John Morley used to put to any one who praised a book or other achievement? For this same biography of Bryce shows that this most learned of men went stark mad during the War. He swallowed hook, bait, line and sinker the ridiculous myth that Germany had precipitated the conflict in a gigantic endeavor after world-conquest. His prodigious knowledge and wide travels left him as gullible as the London costermonger who had never read a book, or journeyed beyond his native slum! Bryce put his great and honored name to a report on so-called Belgian atrocities which is now proved to have been a veritable tissue of lies, inventions, and gross exaggerations. All his exhaustive historical investigations didn't save him from being fooled as easily as the simplest curate in a country village! All through the War, Bryce was a "die-hard"; it was "on to Berlin" for him, with Germany ground prostrate in the dust. His travels the world around, his knowledge of men and places and languages everywhere, had taught him no lesson of tolerance and understanding! Why be learned and traveled and intellectual, if this be the result? Why bother with education, if it leaves a man undelivered from superstition and barbarism? We never get quite so low in our mind, never feel quite so hopeless for the future, as when we see a man like James Bryce running amuck under the mad influence of patriotic passion. Here, in the person of such a man, is already seen the collapse of civilization.

The tabloids are a horror to any person of intelligence and cultivation. Yet there is another side which seems to point again the verity that progress is never made backwards. At bottom we know that there was something very badly the matter with the standard newspapers. Nobody else seemed disposed to do anything about it except grouch, so the tabloids undertook to do something real and positive. Most of us thought, and perhaps still think, that what they have done is so bad that the old evils are to be preferred. But this, at any rate, the tabloids have done: they have multiplied newspaper readers. Before any one concludes that people had better read nothing at all than the tabloids, one had better think again, and think in the terms of the long future. Flappers and flap-doodles, who before the era of the tabloid devoted their entire leisure to gum-chewing and gossip, are now reading by the millions. None who overheard the gossip will say that the contents of the tabloid are worse. Youth once passed and the rut of middle-age having been established without reading habits, the case for enlightened citizenship is hopeless. With reading habits confirmed in youth, the degree and character of citizenship will later be determined freely by the elemental intellectual capacity of the individual. What was revealed by psychological surveys during the war, and by a hundred other indices, is that universal intelligence and trained thinking powers can alone make American democracy

safe or even possible. Our standard newspapers were lamentably failing to stir and cultivate the latent popular intelligence. This the tabloid is doing—such as that intelligence is. Through the tabloid millions who were not even discharging the intellectual functions of morons are now keeping up with the times,—such as the times are. The tabloid has come to stay. Certain mechanical excellences are winners. Its artistic banalities, its salacious contents, its daubs which pass for pictures,—all this must and will pass. But the fact of the tabloid, its condensed contents, its eye-catching form, its appeal to the millions who must read while they run; if they read at all,—these are bastions if not bulwarks of democracy.

We have just been looking over the *American Hebrew* for May 6th. This is a special "Synagogue Number," and is filled with pictures of synagogue buildings recently erected in many cities of the United States. On the cover is a picture of Rabbi Silver's Temple Tifereth Israel, in Cleveland, well described as a "triumph of American synagogue architecture." On inner pages are pictures of the new Park Avenue Synagogue in New York, the new home of Congregation B'nai B'rith in Los Angeles, the new Temple Sholom now under construction in Chicago, the new Temple and Temple House of Congregation Beth-El in San Antonio, and drawings of the future synagogue building of Beth Israel in Hartford and of the proposed new Temple Emanu-El in New York. We miss pictures of Rabbi Newman's beautiful Temple in San Francisco and Rabbi Thurman's equally beautiful Temple in St. Louis. In a leading editorial Dr. Landman speaks of "thirty-three new Synagogues completed and dedicated during the past twelve months! Thirty-four new Synagogues under construction or projected in the immediate future!" This is evidently an era of unprecedented building activity in American Jewry! A study of these pictures confirms an impression gathered from visits to Jewish synagogues in many parts of the country in recent years. It is that the shrines of our Jewish brethren are as notable for their architectural appropriateness and beauty as for their sumptuous, almost gorgeous splendor. The money spent on these buildings, all given by generous donors, is almost incredible—$500,000, $1,000,000, $1,600,000 are the figures which leap out from the pages. Such sums might lead to execrable results. But almost uniformly the structures are models of taste, beauty, monumental grandeur, and practical utility. These new synagogues seem to us to be perfect specimens of their kind. They express in every line and color the racial genius of the Jew; they show forth for all to see the devotion of the sons and daughters of Israel to their faith, their pride in its glory, and their dedication to its ideals. Men and women who erect such altars believe in their religion! To enter these sacred buildings is to be moved with admiration for the Jews of America, and to be thrilled with a consciousness of their priceless contribution to our national life. Before such monuments to things spiritual prejudice must die, and brotherhood live anew forever.

Getting Ahead

We are certainly getting ahead. The National Bureau of Economic Research reports our total current income last year at nearly ninety billion dollars, $770 per capita for every man, woman and child of us, a third more than in the depressed year 1921; while the National Industrial Conference Board places our total wealth in 1925 at $355,000,000,000, against the Census Bureau's estimate of $320,000,000,000 in 1922, an increase of perhaps ten per cent in three years. We are, quantitatively speaking, the best-fed, best-housed, best-clothed people known anywhere in the world at this or any other time in history; for, despite almost unbelievable inequalities in distribution, we enjoy a level of relative comfort even among our poorest people that is a marvel to foreign visitors. Wondering delegations from Great Britain and other outlying parts, financed by admiring millionaires, newspapers and trade unions, visit our shores and spy out the land in order to discover how we turn the trick, and carry back word to their chiefs that we do it by mass production, hard work, and delightful harmony between employer and employee—all very pleasing to the senders of these missions, and gratifying to our national pride. We turn back after reading their reports and reflect comfortably that we have well up toward half of all the gold in the world, and that we have four times as many automobiles as all the rest of the planet put together. The embarrassed governments of Europe owe our government eleven billions, billions that we insist on their paying at the same time that we refuse to let them pay in the only way they can. And every year we loan abroad another billion; so the world gets deeper and deeper into our debt. We own steel and chemical works in Germany, public utilities in the Empire of Mussolini, sugar fields in Cuba, fruit farms in Costa Rica, mahogany forests in Honduras, mines of copper and silver in Mexico, and oil wells in Venezuela and Argentina, in Mosul and Java and Saghalin. In fact, we seem to be in a fair way to own the earth. And here at home we have within twenty years covered half a continent with a gridiron of good roads, over which millions of us whiz daily in easy-riding motor cars. Our cities we build to the skies, and surround them with enormous areas of public parks, through

which also we arrange to be driven at express-train speed. Our schools, public and private alike, are equipped with buildings and laboratories to make European or Asiatic teachers turn green with envy, while our universities have money till in truth some of them do not know what to do with it, have scholarships and fellowships till they cannot find candidates with brains enough to use them. Wealth in all its forms and manifestations we have, and we are piling it up beyond the dreams of a Midas.

Captious critics sometimes ask who "we" are that are getting so rich, but I spend little time trying to define us exactly, for I know vaguely and cheerfully that "we" are all good Americans. Of course I wonder sometimes, for example, just how many of us have seen our incomes increased by a third since 1921, and when I look at the figures showing the growth of big incomes, and remember that in 1918 not one income in twenty among us amounted to as much as $3,300, I really suffer a moment's disquiet, even uncertainty whether we are all getting rich as fast as we think we are. But in those dark moments I cross the street to the movie palace, and all is well again, for I get back to the realities. Last winter's coal bill is paid, and I hope next month to make the first payment on a bigger and better radio set. After all, God's in his heaven, and "we" are getting ahead. Why be too critical and stir up class strife? That's what the socialists do, and look at what they did in Russia!

All these trifling questionings aside, however, I sometimes fear that getting ahead itself is not without its dangers. I used to play with a good-natured boy whose mother was our washerwoman before the days of professional laundries. He proceeded to get ahead by pushing his way into the bottom of a bank, and by sheer merit rising to the top, while I foolishly went to college. Now he is director in a dozen big corporations, he keeps four big automobiles, and he owns (and runs well) half of the big western town in which he lives. But he has forgotten that his mother used to be an excellent washerwoman; he has forgotten the most of us boys that used to play with him (most of us haven't got ahead); and I am told that he has even forgotten to be good-natured. Probably it's all right, but somehow I can't help feeling sorry.

Then I begin wondering whether "we" have done any forgetting, like my boyhood playmate. I recall a rhetorical Declaration of Independence and a Bill of Rights in our constitution, and I gladly remember that we today still venerate the names, at least, of Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln. Then I remember our honored (and I believe representative) President's conclusive demonstration that it would be bad for the Filipinos even to have a chance to say by vote that they would like immediate independence, because such action might delay their economic development, which is more important. We are getting ahead. I remember how we once greeted Kossuth, and how last year Mr. Kellogg received the economically suspect Karolyis. Getting ahead again. I remember that Mr. Seward in our behalf once ordered Maximilian out of Mexico (a highly disorderly, backward, illiterate Mexico, by the way); and then I remember that the only question concerning Mexico with which "we" are at present concerned, according to the Official Spokesman, is not whether a government apparently trying to give fourteen million people a better chance economically and educationally shall be helped or hindered by the action of our government, but solely whether the property of citizens of the United States, lawfully acquired, shall be confiscated. Yes, we are getting ahead. I remember that in the good old days of Spanish "tyranny" in Cuba we used to fit out filibustering expeditions, and that we finally buckled on a shining sword in order to free the oppressed people of that fair island. After noting with astonishment that the Spanish are immensely more popular in Havana today than we are, and that the Cubans join the rest of the Latin-Americans in anathematizing our latest diplomatic exploits in Mexico and Nicaragua, I recall that we have lost our old-time enthusiasm for the political independence of our southern neighbors, which we once mistakenly thought of real importance. Today "we" have learned better. "We" put law and order and the increase of wealth in their proper places at the head of the scale of values; so now "we" send marines and gunboats. We are getting ahead in encouraging fashion—and not alone in Haiti and Nicaragua. A whole fleet of American war vessels patrol the Yangtse and protect American lives and property in the midst of a Chinese revolution, despite the earnest and Christian protest of large numbers of misguided American missionaries, who prefer the protection of the gospel of goodwill. But "we" have outgrown such foolishness. American property in China is counted in the tens of millions, and more marines are on the way to Shanghai. We are getting ahead.

Of course I have no real doubts about the value of getting ahead. How could anybody have? But I can't help thinking about other people who have got ahead, of the Pharaohs and Solomon in all his glory, of Greece in the days of its greatness and of Rome at the time when all the world paid tribute. I think how nineteenth-century Europe got ahead after it realized that markets and wealth are the real thing, and how in a third of a century after 1878 it brought all of Africa and great stretches of Asia within its grasp. But then I remember that I, at least, did not like the years 1914-18, and I wonder what is really happening in China. And as I think of all the other people who have got ahead in the past, I sometimes wonder whether ahead is really altogether so good a place to get, whether we shall like it so much better than they did when we get there. And even if I did not feel this uncomfortable

confusion between "we" and we, yet sometimes on a sunny morning in spring, when the birds sing and the flowers come into bloom, and I feel the joy of digging in the fresh earth, and sometimes after an evening of glorious music, when I have felt a whole great audience lifted above itself, I wonder whether "we" are right in putting wealth at the top of our scale of values and whether getting ahead is so certainly the best thing. I wonder whether Mr. Coolidge is so surely right, or whether we, his countrymen, might better, even today, ponder the meaning for us of that strange saying of the Man Nobody Knows, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."

H. R. Mussey.

Jottings

"Thirteen years after the onset of the world war, the British people are unmistakably victims of a lost war, in which military and naval triumph only momentarily obscured the reality of economic and financial disaster."—*Frank Simonds*, in the Boston *Herald* (May 1, 1927).

Who won the War?

Mussolini after the War seems curiously like the Kaiser before the War. If there is any difference, it is that Mussolini is "more so." Yet the world worships madly at the new shrine. Apparently we have got to have another war, to find out how dangerous Mussolini is.

Sophocles's "Electra" was written five centuries before Christ. It was performed on Broadway, New York, this month, nineteen centuries after Christ. We know of no more impressive measure of the span of Greek genius than this survival in undiminished splendor through so many years of a mere play! Will Shakespeare last as long, we wonder?

From the beginning to the end of the Snyder murder case, liquor played a central part. Mr. Snyder, Ruth Snyder, Judd Gray, all were drinkers, and all were drinking on the night of the crime. It is impossible to imagine the story without this accessory. And yet there are those who think that liquor can be tolerated! Opium, bad as it is, never prepares the way for murder.

The New York *World* finds the case against Judge Webster Thayer in the Sacco-Vanzetti case getting so bad, that it mentions the possibility of impeachment. We have no vindictiveness in our heart, but we cannot help feeling all the same that there would be a certain perfection of justice in the trial of this judge for his conduct of this case.

Now that May 8th is celebrated each year as Mothers Day, it is proposed in Brooklyn that May 15th be set aside as Fathers and Sons Day. Wonderful! Now let us name May 22nd Uncles Day, May 29th Aunts Day, June 5th Grandmas Day, June 12th Grandfathers Day, and June 19th Cousins Day. Might's well do this thing right if it is going to be done at all! And think of what it means to business!

J. H. H.

American Notes

[Editorial Correspondence]

Having written to Unity about Chicago, Detroit, Rochester and New York, it would hardly do to overlook Boston, where I spent a couple of days last week. I went there by the Fall River boat, passing close to hailing distance the church to which some of my Connecticut forebears went. My errand to Boston was to preach the gospel of Mexico, to gather some material for articles on Industrial America, and get in touch with the Peace people, of whom there are some splendid specimens in Boston.

Under the chairmanship of Mr. Skinner, of the Community Church, the Woman's League for Peace and Freedom joining, also the F. O. R., Mr. Gray spoke on China, while I spoke on Mexico. It is a hopeful sign when people like those who sat around the tables at 6 Byron Street, gather to consider the interests of their neighbors, whom they have not seen, some thousands of miles away. Of some of these—these "stalwarts"—I recall Alice Stone Blackwell, Helena Dudley, Ellen Hayes, John Orth, W. H. L. Dana, the Wellers, Mrs. Winslow, Mrs. Moors, Marion Holmes, Dr. C. F. Dole, Henry Pinkham and many of like kind, whose names have eluded my memory. A city is rich that possesses such citizens, who are quick to respond, when justice appeals. Anyone visiting Boston and wishing to meet the "first families" should steer straight for 6 Byron Street.

There was another meeting, next day-noon, in the rooms of the 20th Century Club, under the auspices of the League of Neighbors, of which the Wellers (Charles F. and Eugenia W.) are the pilots. There are four headquarters: in New York, Boston, Elizabeth and London. The aim is for the "realization of World-wide Peace and Brotherhood through understanding and neighborliness between people of all races, nationalities, classes and creeds." (Anyone wishing to know more of the League, write 138 Boylston St., Boston). And the address this day—besides a "few remarks" by the writer—was by Dr. C. F. Dole, on "What Life Means to Me." Unity is well acquainted with Dr. Dole, but one must see and hear him to know him,—for face, spirit and words bear testimony to the harmony of the life that he described.

Here are some of Dr. Dole's thoughts: Life is one great effort in growth. The child grows from the spirit within. We could not grow in a life that provided no

obstacles. We should not despise anyone, nor distrust anyone; only so can one grow. Curiosity is the challenge of that which caused that curiosity. It makes for nimbleness of mind. There is a power behind mind that makes us grow larger and higher—the spirit not self, but the spirit that conquers self. We do "the impossible" when we draw on this power. This is not for the elect few, but is offered to the growing life of every human. Ours is the age that indicates that the spirit of friendliness must be shared by everyone. Here is the better life waiting to be expressed. The greatest thought is that we are the children of life. The pathway of negation is impossible. We keep growing to the last.

As I approached Boston—from New York—the wonder city, with her towers of Babel, castles of trade, cathedrals of profit, revealing as does no other city a new commercial architecture; the city whose activities furnish natural gymnastic exercises to her citizens, and whose traffic furnishes opportunities for meditation and rest—it was with emotions different from those that fired me some twenty-five years ago. Then I was peeking through iron fences at the graves of the fathers, or gazing at the famous belfry, from which Revere got his signal for his ride; or visiting the monuments where the shot was fired that went round the world, and the bridge where the British (or their hired soldiers) were held, or the monument on Bunker's Hill. Now my desire was to visit 6 Byron Street, and not the church on "Brimstone Corner"—to speak in whose pulpit only once would have been glory enough for me. And now, the monuments to war and warriors, in the Common, for instance, look ugly to me. And that I should ever see a tank put up right in the heart of Boston—whose devilish acts generations would be taught to admire and emulate!

While writing of Boston, I am led to take the opportunity for confessing my ancestral sins. Possibly this notion comes from the Puritan habit of introspection, which obtained so in New England. It was believed by my ancestors (and yours) that we all sinned in Adam, and our chief business in life consisted in getting rid of Adam's sin. I think that there is something to it! At least, I am willing to go as far back as my New England fathers (splendid people) who are pictured as going to church, with the Bible in one hand and the rifle in the other. And one was used as much as the other. Each, at times, was taken to re-enforce the other. The sin I am confessing for my fathers is the terrific blunder they made in their reliance on the rifle. In this particular, the Quakers were superior. Every generation should make an effort to step forward. And here is where I pray that my generation will step forward and utterly repudiate war by throwing the rifle in the discard. That rifle has been ever getting in the way of the progress of the religion of the Bible. The attempt to carry both has made hypocrites of us. As was said at the meeting of the League of Nations, "When Love is the God, there will be no war." SYDNEY STRONG.

Men—Motives—Machines

When the sages of India desired to create an image of the universe, they went to Ellora, and carved a mountain into galleries, replete with an amazing life. In those dim corridors the faces of beasts and gods emerge from the gloom; and a jungle appears, turned into stone. Pythons twine endlessly at the base of the walls, Buddhas sit pensively beside tranquil pools, and fiercer forms writhe in the heart of the rock. Galleries of elephants and tigers, of men, of demi-gods with strange aspects, have their appointed place, and, at the crest, the ultimate is throned. The labyrinthine life of jungle and men terminates in four bare walls; the labors of generations of artists culminate in an empty chamber; centuries of human worship and need give birth to a priest-wrought silence.

Were the sages of the West to emulate this activity of the East, they would use a larger mountain than Ellora, and transform it more rapidly. Armies of laborers, hordes of giant drills, platoons of steam-shovels would be substituted for the murmur of prayer and ritual and the sound of hammer and chisel. Printing presses would oust the trailing serpents, factories take the place of jungles, laboratories eject tigers and demi-gods. Baconians muttering over radios might parallel Bodhisatvas drowned in meditations, and in the room of India's avatars would appear our fierce and shining machines. Yet in the topmost shrine no great contrast would supervene. Silence would come again into its own, the winding galleries end in barren heights, the rustling life of the mountain cease in a science-ordained quiet.

For East and West meet in these empty, upper rooms. Spiritualism and materialism merge in their flights; religion and science join in a dirge. Brahman is the final offering of the priests; mechanism is the last gift of the West. From the crest of one of the hills, the Indian smiles, confident that the human stir has but the texture of a dream; from the rim of its twin the Westerner grimaces, confident that our beliefs merely cover a machine. Thus the gods betray us as they ever did; the intellectuals desert us in their age-old style; and choice and significance are exorcised from the haunts of life. Maya and Appearance are met together; science and religion have kissed each other; and human hopes and human fears are outlawed growths.

Yet the sages laugh in the heights. The Westerner delights "in a mechanism that can fall into so many marvelous and beautiful shapes, and can generate so many exciting passions."[1] What if there were some pangs in that incalculable life he surveys—they were soon over; "and how splendid meantime was the pageant, how inevitable were those absolute little passions." The Easterner delights in companionship with the Absolute and turns the darkness he has created into a river of music. "Last night, in the silence which pervaded the darkness, I stood alone," he cries, "and heard the singer of eternal melodies."[2] The austere vision breeds ecstasy in these intellectuals and sets them dancing within their narrow empty walls. . . .

The common man ponders these things in the depths, and is, in consequence, troubled in many ways. It is hard for him to venerate a God designed by human hands and brains, hard for him to

1. Santayana. R. S. 90.
2. Tagore. Sadhana. 144.

venerate entrails even though ascribed to Absolutes. The arrogance of the rival priests of science and religion are so typically human that he is loath to credit them to any All-Wise or All-Powerful. He hearkens to the great dispute that goes on between the purveyors of Ultimates, and thinks it strange that a Gospel said to be advertised by everything should be so baffling to his comprehension, so contrary to his experience. When the Absolutes go forth on parade, he looks on in dismay. Left to himself, he would sin fearfully; for he would choose a dramatic rather than a mechanistic universe. And yet, he thinks, if this appendix of his, which contains all his hopes and ideals—if this appendix is to be removed, it matters not who is the surgeon, nor what manner of job he makes.

Sometimes the common man considers, fruitlessly no doubt, that both mystics and scientists make reservations which contradict their proclaimed persuasions, and that apart from these reservations their persuasions would be impossible. All is not Maya for the mystic. Something outlasts the dream, something is true in the fantasy. The devotee is not completely ascetic; his renunciation is an unfinished discipline. The Atman that slumbers in each man is no mirage, and the Atman carries all that the mystic cannot discard. He is, surreptitiously perhaps, nourished by the nature he thought he had flung away. The sage reduces all his desires to one desire, all his necessities to one necessity; but that one desire burgeons with all desires and that one necessity is alive by virtue of forbidden things. The mystic finds something in his lonely upper room, something he has carried up from the plains below—else in the upper room even the Ultimate would be uprooted.

Nor are all things mechanism for the scientist, ruminates our un-be-doctored man. He rescues something from the whirl, some motive for his labor, some dignity for his movements. He cannot think of his passion for knowledge as grease on the wheels of things, his delight in discovery as a mere weed waving in an unimpassioned cosmic foam. He stands by the side of the machine and experiments with the gears. Divorce his science from human approvals, from expectation and experiment, from belief in control based on understanding, from the encomiums lavished on novelties, and what would the consequence be? Not even a tax-payer would support such activity. How noble was that flame of indignation which made Millikan denounce the war that caused the death of men like Moseley! How mechanistically correct it would have been had he called on the assembled scientists: Come now, let us worship and bow down, let us kneel before that which the process hath wrought.

The vulgar mind is perplexed by another thing —the tragic inversion between the piping life at the mountain base and the silences found in the upper chambers. All the values of that lower, coarser life are transmuted into vanities. Religion brands them as accidental if not contemptible, or promises them posthumously and precariously. Religion was born and suckled by this desire for earthly enjoyments, but the intellectuals of religion have no honor for parents and keep no commandments. On the slopes of Ellora, the jungle appears. The village life goes sweeping through the corridors and sustains the gods and goddesses fixed in the primeval rock. But in the upper room the jungle is ignored, and no joy in the life lived in its shadow consummated. The ecstasy of the silent chamber is reserved for a few, —and tills no fields and brings no rain. The men of the West in ages forgone turned to levers, lenses, and laboratories to procure the enjoyments sought vainly through bibles, churches and prayers. . . . Yet in the upper chamber on this hill one finds choice turned into a mirage of sense and values clubbed and dead.

The ordinary man gains this insight through the vice of industry. This bastard god, permitted by an illicit divorce of religion and science from the ordinary life and from each other, cuckolds his current desires. He is caught up in a mechanical civilization fathered by science and bereft of religion, and is, therefore, shorn of hope and love in the world. True, the industrial civilization has developed deities to suit itself—business, true son of this bastard industry, and profit, the holy ghost of the concern, but even these deities are remote from him. Only the priests of his new cult penetrate to the holy of holies, for few there are that see profit and live—and perhaps these are cross-eyed. No mountain climbing is possible to the workman; no upper circle cares for his ideals. Side by side of the ancient world dominated by useless gods and the modern world geared up to the electron is a third world hitched in disastrous fashion to the engines of greed.

Astute observers saw this doom approaching decades ago. Samuel Butler predicted the day when every knee should bow and every tongue confess the name of this new god. Nor was his prediction as uncanny as it appears, for he saw signs of that doom in the happenings of his time. Lancashire factory owners were using up nine generations of men in one generation as a sacrifice to their machines, because profits were best gained that way. They had figured out how best to feed men to machines even as the Southern cotton growers figured out the most economical consumption of slaves. Such men took it for granted that the mass of men was merely a means by which to run their plants, and they were assured a plenitude of means, without money and without price. The colliery owner knew that every pony killed in his mine meant that a new pony would have to be bought, but that the murder of every human meant simply the admission of a new one through the gate. Enough oil to run him while he worked, and enough oil to run the machine by which he was procured. This was all that was necessary. For the Son of Man, it was clear, came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give his life as a tender of machines.

There is a great noise in the books about this insight which has come to the common man. Yet the core of it is simple and can be learnt without much labor or reading. Men can be subdued to almost anything if they believe that the end will be a better life, but apart from this persuasion they cannot be moved satisfactorily, though bludgeoned by unemployment and starvation. For the common man has learnt that activity is not for the sake

of activity, no matter what the mechanists say; and industry is not for the sake of industry, no matter what the shareholders say. Nay, but activities must be or must terminate in enjoyments, industry must serve some social happiness, business have a definite relation to satisfactory living. In the Report of the Conference of Unemployment in this country, 1921, there appears the following letter:

> A working man has a treadmill sort of existence. The treadmill sets on the edge of a cliff. You work for a while, pay your debts, unemployment comes, back you go into debt, each time a little farther. When work comes again it finds one a little weaker, and the battle is not as successful as before. Your creditors become alarmed, possibly a garnishment of your next earnings The mill has got you over the cliff.

The man who wrote that letter was a common workman. He did not see very far, but he arrived at the insight that comes to those throttled by the engines of greed. He saw that love, hope, and faith were impossible for millions caught up in the industrial swirl, and that without them life was worthless.

The working man discovers no satisfactory motives in a world like that. Little remains for him but the dumb urge to live, and the faint hope of better times. The whips of starvation and unemployment function awhile, but even these fail at last. Now-a-days starvation still stings millions into obedience, unemployment still makes the human grist pliant enough to be crushed by the mill, but things are not quite the same. The dictatorship of the machine is slowly making its meaning too clear and its results too terrible to bear. The autocratic power, therefore, of those who hold the gates of life suffers from the vengeance of diminishing returns. Now that the war has come and gone, now that the peace is slaying its myriads in its turn, the average man understands his predicament more clearly than before. The machines drove the best part of the world into bankruptcy, made unemployment respectable, and hunger a matter of course. Hitherto multitudes had hoped that somehow happiness and delight might come like angels of light through the jaws of factory gates, but now men are disabused. A sullen spirit broods over the lands; revolutions struggle together in the womb of time.

Through the grace of the insight gained in his industrial experience the common man develops into a serious critic. He sees that the Faiths which are labelled Religion, Science, and Industry, are equally unsatisfactory. Religion asks us to consecrate ourselves to the heavens, and not to some flaming ideal of the human will; science decrees that man is devoted to the furnace of cosmic energy and, quaintly enough, sometimes urges him to accelerate his fate; industry demands that we dedicate ourselves to idle, wasteful, unintelligent production, and offers no promise of dignified life; labor movements simply suggest that the masses should rise and command the swag, or share the machines. But none of these proposals move the reflective working man; all of them are without any real gospel of consummatory delights. The problem, it seems to him, will never be solved until Science and Religion settle their old scores and re-enter the realm of vulgar life as co-workers in the cause of human welfare and happiness.

But how shall they be persuaded to that reformation? Ah! there is the difficulty. How shall they be convinced that even as they were born in the House of Man so must they stay in that house and accept the task and high privilege of making that house a fair and splendid thing. Religion may, perhaps, be compelled to the course by the calamity that befalls it in these days. For the great institutions of religion begin to topple by the highway of life, and hence in self-defense their priests may come to terms with other tasks. But science plows loftily on its course and seems unlikely to be deflected in the immediate future. Yet even so it may be persuaded to abate its pretensions to an absolute metaphysics and so become humble and human again. And sometimes one thrills with the thought that the very machines may be snared somehow, and the whole round of production and consumption be made the means of a more abundant life.

What is needed, in so far as the common man's vision reveals, is another upper room, to revert to the phase with which we began, where man's needs, happinesses, and fears shall be paramount, where great purposes shall be born which look to the adornment of human existence, and where campaigns for human welfare throughout the whole planet may be hatched. Nor is there aught ignoble or paltry about a suggestion like this. The infrequent traveler sometimes undergoes an unusual experience. He is, let us imagine, aboard a transcontinental train. Cities, towns, villages fly by him. Everywhere he sees people on strange streets, in strange fields, or entombed in strange graveyards. He wakes in the night and lights flare from rural stations into his berth, and dimmer lights twinkle in the farmhouses on the distant hills, and high above all the stars shine steadily. How strange it seems. Mysteriously he speeds through the midst of life. And presently he feels as if those whom he sees are caught up in the dreamlike spin, and gallop onwards through time, through space, soon to be beyond the sound of any human song and the touch of any human caress. Nay, but the whole human race becomes a phantom-like, fleeting existence that flings its shadow awhile across the varied earth, and halts at last in the grip of an eternal death. Yet even so, while the race drives on, lives may be lived in beauty and tender grace, in all the glory of a growing freedom if religion and science play the game.

There is then, nothing ignoble in this suggestion as far as the common man can see, since nothing is ignoble that ministers in any way to a better life, and no sacrifice too great that lifts the shadows that lie heavy on the sons of man. He that has been accepted as greatest among us was one of our friends. And when he came to die, so the story runs, he gathered his friends about him in the world's most memorable upper room, and, taking the bread on the table, said: This is my body which is broken for you. Thus it must ever be. For the bread and wine of our brief mortal life are provided by those luminous souls who give themselves to and find themselves in the advancement of the race.

James H. Hart.

Madison, Wisconsin.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1927)

PART III—CHAPTER VII

Brahmacharya—I

We now reach a stage in this story when I began seriously to think of taking the *brahmacharya* vow. I had been wedded to a monogamous ideal ever since my marriage, faithfulness to my wife being part of the love of truth. But it was in South Africa that I came to realize the importance of observing *brahmacharya* even in respect to my wife. I cannot definitely say what circumstance or what book it was that set my thoughts in that direction, but I have a recollection that the predominant factor was the influence of Raychandbhai of whom I have already written. I can still recall a conversation that I had with him. On one occasion I spoke to him highly of Mrs. Gladstone's devotion to her husband. I had read somewhere that Mrs. Gladstone insisted on preparing tea for Mr. Gladstone, even in the House of Commons, and that this had become a rule in the life of this illustrious couple whose actions were governed by regularity. I spoke of this to the poet and incidentally eulogised conjugal love. "Which of the two do you prize more?" asked Raychandbhai, "the love of Mrs. Gladstone for her husband as his wife, or her devoted service irrespective of her relation to Mr. Gladstone? Supposing she had been his sister, or his devoted servant, and had ministered to him with the same attention, what would you have said? Do we not have instances of such devoted sisters or servants? Supposing you had found the same loving devotion in a male servant, would you have been pleased the same way as in Mrs. Gladstone's case? Do examine the view-point suggested by me."

Raychandbhai was himself married. I have an impression that at the moment his words sounded harsh, but they gripped me irresistibly. Devotion of a servant was, I felt, a thousand times more praiseworthy than that of a wife to her husband. There was nothing surprising in the wife's devotion to her husband, as there was an indissoluble bond between them. The devotion was perfectly natural. But it required a special effort to cultivate equal devotion between master and servant. The poet's point of view began gradually to grow upon me.

What then, I asked myself, should be my relation with my wife? Did my faithfulness consist in making my wife the instrument of my lust? So long as I was the slave of lust my faithfulness was nothing worth. To be fair to my wife, I must say that she was never the temptress. It was therefore the easiest thing for me to take the vow of *brahmacharya,* if only I willed it. It was my weak will or lustful attachment that was the obstacle.

Even after my conscience was roused in the matter I failed twice. I failed, because the motive that actuated the effort was none the highest. My main object was to escape having more children. Whilst in England I had read something about contraceptives. I have already referred to Dr. Allinson's birth-control propaganda in the chapter on Vegetarianism. If it had some temporary effect on me, Mr. Hills' opposition to those methods, and his advocacy of internal effort as opposed to outward means, in a word, of self-control, had a far greater effort which in due time came to be abiding. Seeing therefore that I did not desire more children, I began to strive after self-control. There was no end of difficulties in the task. We began to sleep in separate beds. I decided to retire to bed only after the day's work had left me completely exhausted. All these efforts did not seem to bear much fruit, but when I look back upon the past, I feel that the final resolution was the cumulative effect of those unsuccessful efforts.

The final resolution could be made only as late as 1906. Satyagraha had not then been started. I had not the least notion about it. I was practising in Johannesburg at the time of the Zulu Rebellion in Natal which came soon after the Boer War. I felt that I must offer my services to the Natal Government on that occasion. The offer was accepted, as we shall see in another chapter. But the work set me furiously thinking in the direction of self-control, and according to my wont I discussed my thoughts with my co-workers. It became my conviction that procreation and the consequent care of children were inconsistent with public service. I had to break up my household at Johannesburg to be able to serve during the Rebellion. Within one month after I offered my services, I had to give up the house I had furnished with care. I took my wife and children to Phoenix and led the Indian ambulance corps attached to the Natal forces. During the difficult marches that had to be then performed, the idea flashed upon me that if I wanted to devote myself to the service of the community in this manner, I must relinquish the desire for children and wealth, and must live the life of a *vanaprastha*—of one retired from household cares.

The Rebellion did not occupy me for more than six weeks, but this brief period proved to be the most valuable part of my life. The importance of vows grew upon me more clearly than ever before. I realized that a vow far from closing the door to real freedom opened it. I had not met with success heretofore, because the will had been lacking, because I had no faith in myself, no faith in the grace of God, and therefore my mind had been tossed on the boisterous sea of doubt. I realized that in refusing to take a vow man was drawn into temptation and that to be bound by a vow was like a passage from libertinism to a real monogamous marriage. "I believe in effort, I do not want to bind myself with vows" is the mentality of weakness and betrays a subtle desire for the thing to be avoided. Or where can be the difficulty in making a final decision? I vow to flee from the serpent who I know will bite me, I do not simply make an effort to flee from him. I know that mere effort may mean certain death. Mere effort means ignorance of the certain fact that the serpent is bound to kill me. The fact therefore that I would rest content with an effort only means that I have not yet clearly realized the necessity of definite action. "But supposing my views are changed in the future, how can I bind myself by a vow? Such a

doubt often deters us. But that doubt also betrays a lack of clear perception that a particular thing must be renounced. That is why Nishkulanand has sung: "Renunciation without disgust is not lasting." Where therefore the desire is gone, a vow of renunciation is the natural and inevitable fruit.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

Local Self-Government from Asian Angle

Every man, and every body of men on earth, possesses the right of self-government. They receive it with their being from the hand of nature. Individuals exercise it by their single will, collections of men by that of their majority; for the law of the majority is the natural law of every society of men.—*Thomas Jefferson.*

It is not true that the government "which is best administered is best." That is the maxim of tyranny. That government is best which makes the best men. In the training of manhood lies the certain pledge of better government in the future.—*David Starr Jordan.*

Democracy is direct self-government, over all the people, for all the people, by all the people.—*Theodore Parker.*

Democracy is not the exclusive monopoly of the West: it is to be found in the East as well. Oriental democracy has its roots in the communal life of the people. The political thinkers of the East—notably of China and India—have seldom recognized absolute and indivisible sovereignty. In the Orient, sovereignty has always been shared by local bodies and communal groups. The Asian state may be thus described as a political federation with a very large share of local autonomy in village communities, communal assemblies, guilds, and village unions. The local organizations, over which the central government exercised but a slight control until recently, have from the time of venerable antiquity looked after the internal administration of the community. The people had thus the right of democratic control over their political, economic, and religious life. Nor are these ideals altogether obsolete in today's world of Asia.

Just at present it is the fashion with many anti-Asians to talk glibly about the chaos in China. It is always characteristic of these amiable gentlemen to ignore basic facts. To be sure there is no republican government at Peking. But the village governments of China do exist, and the great masses of the Chinese people who from time immemorial have lived under these local governments are comparatively little affected by political turmoil in distant Peking. The farmers, artisans, and merchants pursue their usual vocations almost as if there were no disturbances at the capital of the country. Indeed China without a central government, I veture to say, is functioning better than many a European country could do under parallel circumstances.

Moreover, it is to be noted in parenthesis that had China possessed a centralized government, its conquest by aggressive powers would perhaps be relatively easy. As it is, they cannot simply by seizing the government at Peking rule the whole country which is as large as the United States, Mexico, and Central America put together. The aggressors will have to conquer this vast territory province after province, district after district, village after village. That will present a task so gigantic in its proportions that few would undertake it lightheartedly.

Despite the latter-day flings of some Europeans imperialists at the Oriental genius for government, it must be stated most emphatically that Asian people have shown a marked capacity for self-government. I repeat that the political history of Asia, especially of China and India, is an unbroken record of group institutions which have been practically self-sufficient and self-governing. The central government rarely interfered with the organic communal life. Indeed, the essential work of government was left to associations intermediate between the state and the individual—such as village communities, guilds, clans, and families. There might have been revolutions and dynastic changes at the metropolis; but the long arm of the state did not reach out and disturb the even tenor of life in the various local groups which constituted the nation.

Centralization is the Prussian goose-stepping in government. It was during an impossible centralized regime in France that a French Minister of Education remarked: "It is three o'clock; all the pupils in the third grade throughout France are now composing a Latin verse." That is what the centralized government does for you!

A typical instance of centralized government in Asia today is to be found in India, whose chief trouble is that it is suffering from a malignant type of bureaucracy. With the destruction of local governments has come the curse of administration by a centralized government. What the best minds of India insist is that the local problems of each community are properly matters of local concern. Bureaucratic regulation and control must give way to make room for local progress, which in the last analysis is self-achieved.

Democracy is not merely a matter of counting noses. The highest ideals of liberty and democracy are most likely to be realized in a government which allows utmost autonomy to local political units. Under a decentralized administration there is apt to be less of lobbying, less of politics, less of corruption, and more of honest legislation. The decentralized local government is indeed the best government because it governs least.

SUDHINDRA BOSE,
[*Lecturer, Political Science.*]
University of Iowa.

A Carpenter

A Carpenter would know the ring
Of hammers driving nails—
And what a solid, solid thing
The hammering entails.

A Carpenter would know the feel
Of nail points pounded through
The quivering hands that craved to heal
The hurts of me and you!

EARL BIGELOW BROWN.

The Study Table

Chiefly on Asia

A scientific expedition, to meet success, must be amply financed, well organized, and under competent direction. In these days of minute specialization it must be a co-operative labor in which the different departments of investigation are in the hands of experts. Such an expedition is the Central Asiatic Expedition the field-work of which is interestingly reported in the handsome book, "On the Trail of Ancient Man."[1] Few expeditions have been so loudly heralded and followed with such general interest. It has been primarily financed by the American Museum of Natural History in New York and the well known magazine, *Asia*. A long list of other patrons has aided. The expedition has been under the leadership of Roy Chapman Andrews of the American Museum. His specialty is zoology. His science staff numbered a score of specialists—topographers, geologists, paleontologists, zoologists, archaeologists, besides those who were charged with the details of transportation, interpretation and health. The work of three seasons—1922, 1923 and 1925—is reported in the book. The field of operations was the little known but highly interesting and important land of Mongolia, the Gobi desert. Mr. Chapman characterizes it as "a remote land of painted deserts, dancing mirages, limitless plains and nameless sun-capped peaks; of untracked forests and tempestuous streams—a land of mystery, paradox and promise." The enterprise is still in progress. There may still be as startling discoveries in the future as those of the past. The expedition has been rich in results. Rare and interesting animal forms have been observed and collected; marvelous photographs have been obtained; topographic data have been secured in quantity and almost unknown regions have been mapped. The most important discoveries have been in the fields of paleontology and archaeology. Here is the region where Professor Osborn, director of the American Museum and authority on mammalian paleontology, believed we must look for the center of characterization and distribution of mammalian forms, the life focus from which the mammalian faunas of Europe and America were derived. Here perhaps may be the place where man originated and developed the earliest culture. On the whole, the results of the expedition have justified his expectations. No scientific expedition has announced facts of greater interest and significance. Some of the discoveries are actually romantic and spectacular. Not only has new light been thrown on the history of mammals and early man; almost revolutionary facts have been learned in the life history of the great group of reptiles. Inner Mongolia has proved of extraordinary interest. The "Place of the Muddy Waters" will be ever famous in the story of paleontological exploration. "When the expedition took the field in 1922 Mongolia was almost an unknown country from the standpoint of natural science. We had been told that Mongolia was barren paleontologically and geologically as well as physically. Yet the first dinosaur eggs known to man, a hundred skulls and skeletons of unknown dinosaurs, seven Mesozoic mammal skulls and the primitive human culture of the Dune Dwellers had come from a few square miles in this lovely basin." Andrews tells an interesting story of an important enterprise.

In line with the mention made in a recent review that the history of the Orient was to be introduced into the regular curriculum of the Philippine schools, and plainly for use in those schools, is the appearance of a text-book—"A History of the Orient."[2] It is by a trio of teachers who have had long experience. Mr. Steiger has been a professor of history in Shanghai; Mr. Beyer and Mr. Benitez have been connected with the University of the Philippines and both have made important contributions to knowledge concerning the Islands. The book is a good one. Within the space of a single volume it brings together the salient facts in the histories of India, Southeastern Continental Asia, Malaysia, China, Korea and Japan. It has been possible heretofore to get books dealing with India, China, Korea and Japan individually. It has not been possible to find a single handy volume that deals with all. Nor has there been any ready access to the history of Southeastern Asia and the island region of Malaysia. The treatment of these latter topics is particularly satisfactory in the book before us, as was to be expected from such special students as Mr. Beyer and Mr. Benitez. We heartily commend the book, which has large value far beyond the limits of the Oriental District for which it was primarily intended. Not as a criticism, but as an expression of personal taste, I will say that I can see no reason why *one* of these writers—any one of them, perhaps—might not have written the entire work. Nowadays, however, a work is considered scholarly if made by a group of specialists. What such a composite composition loses in interest, directness and literary style, is hardly compensated by the weight of authoritative names. Nor is it quite agreeable to have the interlocking of this text with a text on Occidental history (also a composite by three eminent specialists) so painfully evident as it is.

The work of *one* writer, therefore presumably free from one of the objections just made, is "Asia, A Short History,"[3] by Herbert H. Gowen, Prof. of Oriental Languages and Literature at the University of Washington. It is, however, less free from the other than might be desired. That the relations between the east and the west, the interlocking of the histories of the Orient and the Occident, must be constantly kept in view and emphasized is readily admitted. The fitting may be so labored as to be tiresome and disagreeable. We cannot say that it is much more happily done here by one pen than by three in the other book. Prof. Gowen's book is written from the western point of view, but it is written with sympathy. The author aims to be just and to give credit where credit is due. The sympathy is labored and falls short of hearty endorsement. However much Asiatics have done, however well they may have done it, the achievement ever falls short of Anglo-Saxon and Christian ideals. Dr. Gowen gives praise, he strains to be generous, but there is always reservation. Still he is ever buoyed by hope. China may reach the high level in time; the Philippines may sometime develop a fitness for independence—if only their training is long-continued, rigorous, and directed toward proper western ideals. This said, and it had to be said

(1) On the Trail of Ancient Man. A Narrative of the Field-work of the Central Asiatic Expedition. Roy Chapman Andrews. New York: 1926. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8°. pp. xxiv. 370.

(2) History of the Orient. G. Nye Steiger, H. Ottley Beyer, Conrado Benitez. Boston: 1926. Ginn and Co. 16°. pp. ix. 469.

(3) Asia: A Short History.. Herbert H. Gowen. Boston: 1926. Little, Brown & Co. 8°. pp. xx. 436.

after the notice of the other book, we welcome Dr. Gowen's book heartily. It is a monument of diligent and conscientious labor. It is the good achievement of a particularly difficult task. It is difficult to condense into a paragraph, what one would wish to say in a long chapter. The book meets a need. That such a book is necessary is evident from the facts that books of precisely the same class are appearing at this time in both France and Germany. The whole world is anxiously watching Asia and wants to know something of her story. It is fortunate that we have a book like Dr. Gowen's at this time. It is not a school text-book; it makes no attempt to be such. It is a book for intelligent adult readers. In this respect it is, of course, in contrast with the Steiger-Beyer-Benitez book. The books are so different in viewpoint, in scope, in emphasis, that every one who reads the one might well read the other.

America is preeminently the land of corporations. There are more incorporations launched here than in any other country. In fact "the corporation in America is entirely supplanting such other forms of business organization as individual ownership or partnership. What used to be an exceptional device, confined to large enterprises, has now become the rule for all business great or small." The device has been convenient—it has come to have its own peculiar dangers. The fact that we have forty-eight states, each competent to grant articles of incorporation and to define the duties, rights and powers of the organization give possibility of mismanagement, trickery and dishonesty. States compete with each other to allow desired and attractive conditions. In the present condition management may become impersonal and irresponsible; the rights of stockholders—actual owners of the enterprise and source of capital—may become of secondary importance or even jeopardized and destroyed. Mr. Ripley in "Main Street and Wall Street"[4] shows how this situation has arisen. Through combinations, purchases of subsidiary companies, juggling of accounts, secrecy—a handful of men, freed from all responsibility, may be the actual controllers of vast enterprises into which thousands have put their money, without themselves having invested any of their own money—or little. They do what they like, regardless of the rights of those who have supplied capital. Often they are beyond the reach of punishment if they do wrong. Mr. Ripley makes a searching analysis. He bares an astonishing situation. He suggests improvements and safeguards. A greater publicity, a rigid accounting and auditing, an advisory committee of stockholders, the limitation of absorptions and great combines (unless full value is given for monies already invested), above all some sort of *federal* control, are among the suggestions made. Mr. Ripley is no mere theorizer. He has had a long, personal, experience. His book "is based on a working knowledge of the whole structure of business." It will surely have, as it deserves, a wide reading and should work to the reduction of questionable practices.

FREDERICK STARR.

(4) **Main Street and Wall Street.** William Z. Ripley. Boston: 1927. Little, Brown & Co. 18°. pp. ix. 359.

Correspondence

Responses to Subscription-Due Reminders

I

Editor of UNITY:

. . . I could not do without the continuing inspiration and "helps to high living" found in its (UNITY's) weekly columns. The last number is of particular value. Each editorial is a trumpet calling to action and I wish the one concerning the Alien Bill could be put into leaflet form.

Sydney Strong's account of his visit to the Community Church was of great interest to an old New Yorker who recalls the ministrations of Robert Collyer as well as of Mr. Holmes and who endorses every word said in commendation of the beautiful service described, although I, in Brooklyn, belong to the Ethical Culture Society.

Edwin D. Mead's article is a stirring reminder of international obligations and in what true patriotism consists.

The Gandhi story is invaluable and Mr. Allinson's interview with Mr. Ponsonby is a splendid peace paper. I shall send for an extra copy or so as I forwarded mine to Horace Traubel's widow. She is revelling in the Gandhi chapters and will be blessed with Dr. Strong's reference to Traubel in his report of his Sunday in Community Church.

All good wishes for the brave, indispensable paper. I wish I could subscribe many times over.

Brooklyn, N. Y. BERTHA JOHNSTON.

II

Editor of UNITY:

I am inclosing herewith check to cover subscription charge for UNITY for one year which will be my third as a reader.

I may say in strictest sincerity I could with greater fortitude fast from physical food than forego the spiritual stimulant with which UNITY serves my soul.

Symbolically I see her as a Pilgrim of Peace bearing bravely the Torch of Truth and treading tirelessly the Path of Progress which trails through the Elysian Fields of Freedom and Fellowship. May her feet never falter nor followers fail her!

BERTHA M. BODENWEISER.

Chicago.

III

Dear *friends:* And I mean it!!!

Enclosed is my check for $6.00. Half of it pays—I should not use that word—for my subscription. The other half is to pay for the copy sent to ————. And so, with great regard and approbation for and of UNITY, I am sincerely,

HENRY C. LIPPINCOTT.

Woodstown, N. J.

A Welcome Criticism

Editor of UNITY:

In the interview with Mr. Arthur Ponsonby reported in your issue of May 2, 1927, by Mr. Brent Dow Allinson, the English visitor is reported as saying: "The unprovoked attack of an aggressive foe is a war myth. It is never true." The interview, of which this astonishing historical generalization was, apparently, the climax, left Mr. Allinson so overcome that he could not determine whether he had (or had not) "interviewed the soul of the world, struggling vainly, since the death of Woodrow Wilson, for articulation."

In the same issue of UNITY, however, Mr. Edwin D. Mead quotes with evident approval the judgment of James Ford Rhodes that our war with Spain in 1898 was "utterly unnecessary and unjustifiable." Mr. Mead sets forth, further on in his article (entitled "Veterans, Virtue and Sin") that our occupation of the Philippines has been nothing more nor less than "conquest." As in the Mexican War of the Forties, Mr. Mead cites Webster, Clay, Adams, Sumner and Lincoln as declaring "with one voice" that it was a "war of conquest and aggression." According to Grant, as quoted by Mr. Mead, it was "a political war; our troops were sent into Mexico to provoke a fight."

Will Mr. Allinson come forward like a good patriot and correct Mr. Mead's harsh criticism of these national adventures of ours with an application of Mr. Ponsonby's principle? Since "the unprovoked attack of an aggressive foe" is "never true," Mr. Mead and his cloud of witnesses must be in error. There must have been provocation in each

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Third Annual
SUMMER CONFERENCE
(Formerly Held at Olivet, Michigan)
on International, Economic-Industrial and Family Relations and Educational Method
On the Campus of Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Michigan, August 1-27, 1927

Nature of the Conference

The discussion method will be used throughout. There will be two sessions each morning and one each evening—all out of doors when the weather permits. At the first session of each week the Chairman will seek to discover from the group assembled their real perplexities and concerns regarding the theme for the week. The Conference leaders, together with members of the Conference who wish to share in building the program, will, at the close of each session, plan for the next in the light of the preceding discussions. From six to ten persons with special knowledge or experience relating to the theme of each week will be present to contribute democratically, as called upon, to the discussions.

The following quotations are from "The Churchman" for Sept. 25, 1926:

"The spirit of the conference was a very beautiful thing. It proved possible for men and women, young and old, of different religions, and of varying shades of thought, to meet together and seek earnestly for the root causes of some of the mistakes and ills of modern society, without the slightest tinge of acrimony or bitterness and with the hope that, ultimately, the life once lived in Galilee may become the accepted life of men."

"If we are to have a Christian social order in race relations through the efforts of this generation, certainly the Olivet Conference method of discussion and friendly contact between racial groups has a large contribution to make."

Themes

International Relations..August 1- 7
Economic-Industrial
Relations .....August 8-14
Family Relations.....August 15-21
Educational Method.....August 22-27

Rest and Recreation

Hillsdale College, with its beautiful sixty-acre campus and attractive residence halls, offers a delightful setting for the Conference. Afternoons will be free for relaxation and recreation. Tennis courts, an athletic field and a new gymnasium are available. Registrants will be privileged to use nearby golf links at a small cost. A group of lakes, easily accessible by auto, offers excellent facilities for bathing, boating, rowing and canoeing. Registrants are urged to bring their families and remain throughout the month. Provision will be made, when necessary, for supervised play for children. Each person is quite free to decide how many sessions he will attend.

The Conference seeks to combine physical recreation, wholesome social contacts, mental stimulus and spiritual regirding.

Rates and Registration

Hillsdale College will operate its dormitories and dining room on a cost basis for the conference. This generous co-operation makes it possible to offer the following extraordinarily low rates: Adults (two in a room), including conference fee of $1.00 per day, $19.50 per week; transients (less than six days), $3.50 per day; single rooms, $2.00 per week extra. Children, aged 6-12, $8.50 per week; aged 3-6, $5.50 per week; under three, special rates. Good dining room service is assured.

The conference is open to all who care to come. Registrants are strongly urged to remain throughout the month, as the program is cumulative. Transient attendance is discouraged. Wherever possible, registrants should plan to arrive on Sunday or Monday, since the discussion of a new theme begins on Monday. Registrations should be sent in by July 15th, if possible. Detailed information concerning transportation, etc., will be sent to all who register.

Under the auspices of the Fellowship for a Christian Social Order. Sherwood Eddy, Chairman, National Committee; Kirby Page, Chairman, Executive Committee; Amy Blanche Greene, Executive Secretary.

All inquiries should be addressed to Amy Blanche Greene, 347 Madison Avenue, New York City.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 50 Madison Ave., N. Y.

From Thumbscrew to Steel Trap. By Ahimsaka. Foreword by Minnie Maddern Fiske.

The Beacon Press, 25 Beacon St., Boston.

A Friendly World.—By Ethel Franklin and Annie E. Pouslend.

Teachers Manual.

The Moods of Gwynn Myrick, With Other Poems.—By George Henry Badger.

The C. W. Daniel Company, Graham House, Tudor St., E. C. 4, London.

Christ and the Political Economists. —By H. Bodell Smith.

E. P. Dutton & Company, 681 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The Mystery of Joan of Arc.—By Leon Denis, translated by Arthur Conan Doyle.

The Macmillan Company, 66 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Richard Green Moulton. A Memoir.—By his nephew W. Fiddian Moulton.

Dawn. By Irving Bacheller.

The Radiant Tree.—By Marguerite Wilkinson.

Dodd, Mead & Company, 4th Ave and 30th Street, New York City.

The Golden Rule Cook Book. Six hundred receipts for meatless dishes. Originated, collected and arranged by M. R. L. Freshel. New edition.

The Modern View Publishing Company, 210 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Dark Altar Stains.—By Leah Rachel Yoffie.

New Education Publishing Co., 11 West 68th Street, New York City.

Humanizing Education.—By Samuel D. Schmalhausen.

Vanguard Press, Inc., New York City.

Yerney's Justice.—By Ivan Cankar.

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instance. So there must have been provocation for the conquests of Alexander, of Atilla, of Genghis Khan and Bajazet.

Why can there not be a little less of fervor and shrillness on the part of certain contributors to UNITY? And a little more of a saving sense of humor? "Never" and "always" are large and rolling words that exhilarate those who hear and those who use them. But after all it is better to seek and find and speak the truth so far as in us lies. Toward this end humor helps. I think it would help UNITY. I, for one, might cease to be a "constant reader" and become a subscriber. Very truly yours,

Santa Cruz, Cal. S. W. HENRY.

"Tell It to the Marines"

Editor of UNITY:

Those who have seen the moving picture, "Tell It to the Marines," will realize that, in truth, history repeats itself. Here we have again vicious propaganda looking toward war,—not throughout the play, but in certain episodes, which (it should be added) appear to be dragged into the film by the ears. The Chinese characters are such as to inspire hate; the Marines, of course, claim admiration; one of them spits in the face of a Chinese, the while the caption shows a cheap joke at which cheap people laugh.

Meantime, advertisements displayed on our sidewalks, calling for recruits for the Marine service, show enticing pictures of interesting life in China,—American marines visiting Chinese temples, riding in rickshaws, et cetera. These replace the pictures of the Philippines,—temporarily.

Also,—attractive circulars, passed out on the streets, asking in the name of the United States government for applications for the Marine Reserve Corps,—good berths; preferred choice lest, later on, the government anticipate you. . . . Yes, history repeats itself. A trifle more than a decade, is it not, the war-makers were busy at this same game of creating the war-mind?

New York City, N. Y. H.

EINSTEIN AND NEWTON

Some portions of the public have a mistaken idea that Einstein has undone the work of Newton. The practical difference between Einstein's theory of gravitation and Newton's is so slight that it can only just be discovered by the most delicate observations. For almost all practical purposes, Newtonian methods will continue to be applied, because they are simpler than Einstein's and lead to results so nearly correct that it is seldom necessary to take account of the slight difference resulting from newer ideas. In theory, it is true, there is a profound difference between the system of Einstein and that of Newton. The system of Einstein is more philosophical, and solves difficulties which have long troubled the philosophical student of physics. Moreover, for the first time it makes gravitation seem no longer mysterious. . . . It is scarcely conceivable that the human race could have arrived at Einstein's theory except by way of Newton. It is fortunate from this point of view that the bodies with which we are acquainted on the surface of the earth do not move with velocities approaching that of light. For if they did the Newtonian theory would never have seemed plausible, and men would have had to discover Einstein's theory all at once, or remain content to think the world chaotic; and I do not think that any human being who has yet existed has had sufficient genius to invent such a theory without the stages that have led up to it.—*Bertrand Russell in "Radio Times," April* 8, 1927.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER URGENT FOR OUTLAWRY OF WAR

On April 6, the anniversary of the entrance of the United States into the World War, Foreign Minister Briand sent a message to the American people through the Associated Press in which he suggested a treaty between the United States and France which should provide for the outlawry of war between the two countries. Minister Briand said in part: " . . . France would be willing to enter into an engagement with America mutually outlawing war. . . . The renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy is a conception already familiar to the signatories of the League Covenant and the Locarno Treaties. Any engagement subscribed to in the same spirit by the United States toward another nation, such as France, should greatly contribute in the eyes of the world to enlarge and fortify the foundation on which the international policy of peace is being erected. Thus the two great friendly nations, equally devoted to the cause of peace, would furnish the world the best illustration of the truth that the condition immediately to be obtained is not disarmament but the practice of peace."

This statement seems to have attracted comparatively little attention in the United States. In a letter to the *New York Times* on April 25, Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, urges the United States to accept this offer. He says that such a statement from a French Minister is equivalent to a formal announcement by the French government. President Butler says in part: "The fact that this statement is addressed to the American public instead of formally to the government at Washington rather increases than lessens its importance. . . . This question is now squarely before the people of the United States. If those moral forces to which Minister Briand makes appeal do not really exist among us, or, if existing, they cannot secure such direction of our policies as shall realize these ideals, then in international relations we shall have reached a stage which no American who understands his country's traditions and who realizes his country's ideals can look upon without shame and sorrow.

"Minister Briand's mind is thoroughly practical. . . . All that he asks is that the people of the United States shall take their own way to express the fact that in no case will they employ war to enforce their policies with reference to France." — *Information Service, Federal Council of Churches.*

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